

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

The Arrest of Mr. Bowles.

The arrest of Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor and proprietor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, in New York, the other day, at the instance of James Fiske, one of the Directors of the Erie Railway, has excited a good deal of feeling and interest throughout the country. Mr. Bowles was hurried out of the hotel into a carriage and taken to Ludlow street jail. On arriving there he read the papers that had been served on him, and finding that there was likely to be no release until morning, bethought himself of communicating with his wife, who is in poor health, and then stopping at the Albemarle House. He offered \$5 to one of the "subordinates" if he would carry a message to his wife, but he declined, thinking the sum too small. The information of his arrest was conveyed to his wife by a friend, so the "subordinate" did not get any fee. Several carriage-loads of Mr. Bowles' friends, on hearing of his arrest, proceeded to the jail but did not gain admittance as it was after ten o'clock, the hour at which visitors are not allowed to enter. During the evening, the *Sun's* account says, a receipt on A. Oakley Hall, Mayor elect, was given at the residence of Augustus L. Brown, at which the friends of Mr. Bowles learned that Sheriff O'Brien was present. Col. Bliss and Mr. Halstead proceeded to Mr. Brown's residence, where they found the Sheriff, and also Mr. Fisk, the prosecutor in the case; Judge McCann, the committing magistrate; and other officials. Approaching Sheriff O'Brien these gentlemen proposed then and there to give bail for the prisoner. To this the Sheriff made some objection about office hours, which was, however, quickly overcome, when he requested the gentlemen to wait a few minutes until he consulted his legal adviser. After waiting about an hour they ascertained that the Sheriff had gone away leaving a verbal message for them to the effect that he could do nothing until office hours the next day, thus strengthening the impression that already prevailed that the purpose was to keep the respondent in confinement for the night at all hazards.

The Sun continues:—

"At a very early hour on Friday morning Mr. Bowles was arrested, determined himself to effect her husband's release. She went immediately to the residence of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, with whom she was personally acquainted, and by 7 o'clock had that gentleman at work preparing the necessary papers to satisfy the terms of the imprisonment. Mr. Seward was early at the jail, and was promptly admitted to an interview with the prisoner. Several hours were consumed in finding the gentlemen indicated by Mr. Bowles as those to whom he would permit application to be made for surties on the undertaking required, and other hours to find and satisfy the Sheriff as to the sufficiency of the bond, so that it was nearly noon before the release was effected. The bond accepted by the Sheriff was in the sum of \$5,000, with Messrs. Cyrus W. Field and A. A. Scler as sureties. Having filed this bond at the Sheriff's office, Mr. Seward proceeded in his carriage to the jail armed with an order of discharge, and the prisoner was soon at liberty again.

As an evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Bowles is held, it should be stated that subsequent to the acceptance of the above bond, and before his release was generally known, a number of bonds were tendered to the Sheriff, including one bearing the name of Schuyler Conant, Vice-President elect of the United States; but of course these, coming too late, were not used.

The same paper editorially says: There was no need of an actual arrest whatever. All that was requisite was to notify Mr. Bowles that the warrant had been issued, and what amount of bail was required. A whole regiment of men, if it had been necessary, would have volunteered to go bail for him; he could have given bail in any sum required in less time than it took to drive to Ludlow street jail. But no third would not answer the purpose in view. He must be located up, all access and communication on the part of his friends denied to him, and his wife kept in a state of intense anxiety through the long watches of the night.

Can any American citizen read the account of this outrage and not feel the blood boil like melted lava in his veins? American citizens!—native or adopted—do you want to see the oppressions of the Old World introduced into this Republic? Is the sponging house of Great Britain to be made an institution of New York? We understand that Mr. Bowles was obliged to pay nineteen dollars and fifty cents for a room, not too clean, to sleep in a single night, and that he was unable to hire any one for five dollars to take a note to his sick wife, and let her know what had become of him.

The exercise of an office in an oppressive manner is illegal as well as detestable. There seems to have been no ground of apprehension that Mr. Bowles would leave the city suddenly. There was no reason why arrest should not have been effected the following morning as well as that night.

It is a flagrant attempt to interfere with the freedom of the press. In these days, when combined capital exercises such tremendous power—bribing curts and legislators—the people have no reliance whatever for the protection of their rights but in a free press. Let them stand by it, it will stand by them. The independent press is the last hope and the only sure champion of personal as well as of political and religious liberty.

A Valuable R. R. Co.

Editor of Transcript:—The following ode written by John White, and sung at a 4th of July celebration in Georgia in 1834 and traditionally though imperfectly preserved by Mr. White's friends and admirers, we are enabled to lay before your readers in its original form through the kindness of Mrs. O. W. Stanton of Tom's River, N. J., a daughter of the author. A republication of it in your columns cannot but awaken in the minds of your more aged readers, many kindly recollections of the gifted and much lamented author. O. S. B.

For the Wanderer, 1866.

Tim Scribble, No. 16.

AN ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.—L. M.

When from the east our fathers came,
To settle on this western shore,
They fled from persecutio's flame,
And from the scourge of lawless power.

Here to retire from priests and kings,
They cross'd the wide extended flood,
Where's lent peace with circling wings,
Might smile within the lonely wood.

On this yet unpopulated shore,
[Trod,
Where kings nor bloody priests had
Lay hop'd their freedom to restore,
Their rights, their worship, and their God.

But here a race of savage men,
Uncultivated, wild and brave,
Lighted the torch of war again,
And sent their heroes to the grave.

Till arm'd at length by wild despair,
The little band o'ercame the foe;
And nurse, with industry and care,
The infant state began to grow.

Towns rose on every fertile plain,
And cities in each cultur'd vale,
While rising commerce o'er the main,
Display'd abroad her whitened sail.

When haughty Britain, fond of power,
Sent fleets and armies o'er the sea,
And rove in that eventful hour,
To bring us on the bended knee.

But firm in truth and courage tried,
Each breast was warm'd with freedom's flame;
And in the common cause allied,
We drove the invaders back with shame.

Still stronger grown we feel secure,
Nor dread the powers of Europe now;
Our independence shall endure,
And to the ALMIGHTY only bow.

It would appear from the evidences to be found upon the slip of copy from which we reprint, that the *Wanderer* in 1866 was published at Randolph Vermont.

THE STATE PRISON.—The directors of the Vermont State Prison—Hon. Daniel Hibbard of Concord, Hon. Isaac N. Hall of Groton, and Hon. Martin C. Rice of Benson, made their annual visit to that institution last week. They report seventy-three boarders, all well-oiled and cheerful.

THE PLEASURE SEASON.—Pleasure-seekers will find an outlet for their pent up desires in the following balls. At the "Waterbury hotel," Bruce & Ladd proprietors, on Wednesday evening Dec. 30; Music—Robinson's band, bill \$8.50. At the "Junction House," Essex Junction, D. G. Wells proprietor, on Thursday evening Dec. 31; Music by Holmberg's full band, bill \$3.50. This is a popular house, with an obliging landlord, and no doubt the party will be a large one. At J. M. Ransom's Hall, Richmond, the series of dances will be continued on Friday evening January 1st 1869, with Bryant's Quadrille band in attendance; bill \$3.50.

Think of a newspaper publisher, with his bill constantly falling due, and his subscribers careless; can he indulge in these recreations? It is folly to talk about it.

Personal.

A telegram from Havana, dated Dec. 24th, says:—Captain-General Lursundi gave a splendid banquet yesterday to Gen. W. F. Smith, a resident of the International Ocean Telegraph Company, at which toasts were given and speeches were made expressive of a desire for the preservation of peace and good relations between Spain and the United States.

Hon. George W. Grandey delivered an able lecture before the Vergennes Lyceum on Tuesday evening, on the Romance and Poetry of History, as illustrated in the history of the Pilgrims.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is reported to have received an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars for the first volume of his "War among the States."

The wife of Captain Henry C. Dean, one of the oldest residents of Oxford, Me., aroused her husband a few nights since, saying that she heard some one knocking. He arose, but could find no one, and on coming back to the bed he found her lying dead.

Moses Beach, former proprietor of the New York *Sun*, has presented the Workingwoman's Association of New York with \$50,000 to purchase a building to be used for industrial purposes, in which females are to be employed exclusively.

The oldest postmaster in the United States is claimed to be James Scherling, of Cynville, Pa., who is 85 years old, and has held his position for 48 years.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be an earnest reader of American books.

Mr. Charles N. Barrows, author and proprietor of the play called the "Black Crook," is soon to erect a handsome residence at "Coss Cobb," at Studwell's Point, Connecticut. His lot, consisting of some nine acres, is about to be enclosed by a fine stone wall. The excavation for the cellar is completed. Mr. Barrows at present resides at East Portchester.

It is said that President Bergh awards the palm to Mr. Bonner, as the most dextrous and humane horseman in the country, from the fact that his trotters are never beaten.

The Mississippi Central road gives Col. Tate its "super" \$50,000 stock, and a guarantee \$15,000 annual salary for fifteen years.

The monogram on P. T. Barnum's door is translated, "Pull the Bell."

Mr. S. Augustus Mitchell, the venerable author of the geographical series that bears his name, died in Philadelphia on Monday.

Bismarck's betrothed daughter is a slender girl, of medium height, dark brown hair, bluish gray eyes, a somewhat too high forehead, and very pretty hands.

BILLIARDS.—William, Golthwaite and John M. Devitt played a match at Chicago on Tuesday night for the championship of America. The game was for \$1,000, 1,500 points up caroms, push shot not barred. McDewitt won the game by 17 points, and so still holds the "cue."

REVENUE DECISION.—The commissioner of internal revenue has just decided that real estate and building companies loaning money on real estate are liable to special tax as bankers.

WISHED TO BE A UNITARIAN.—The Pall Mall *Gazette* says: "An odd incident is reported to have taken place at a meeting of the Belfast Board of guardians a few days since. An old and infirm inmate of the workhouse announced his intention to change his religion from Protestant to Roman Catholic. The Chairman inquired 'if the patient was of sound mind,' and that point being settled in the affirmative, a difficulty arose as to the guardians who should act as a deputation to hear the pauper's confession of faith. A Roman Catholic guardian not being at the moment procurable, an Episcopalian and Presbyterian were selected to act as a watch upon each other during the scene. 'Mr. Entwistle and Mr. Tierney then retired to carry out their instructions,' and on their return Mr. Tierney astonished his friends by announcing that their interesting disciple 'wished to be a Unitarian.'

FRANKLIN IN NEW YORK.—The Central Park Commissioners have signified to Mrs. G. W. Childs, publisher of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, their grateful acceptance of his gift of a stone statue of Franklin, to be placed in the park. Mr. Childs is now travelling in Europe, and made the offer through Gov. Hoffman. The statue will be made by the sculptor Bailey.

THE REASON.—The reason why Barrett's Vegetable Hair Restorative has a larger sale and is more popular than any other, is simply because it is the best. The reasons it is the best are: It is more easily applied. Its effects are more permanent. It contains no nitrate of silver or other poisonous substances. It thoroughly cleanses the scalp of all dirt, dandruff and other extraneous substances. It does not grieve the hair. It absolutely restores the hair to its natural color, whether black or brown. It causes the hair to grow thick, luxuriant and glossy. It is a superb hair dressing. It is highly scented and does not stain the scalp or linen. It is not a Dye but a Restorative.

These are the reasons why Barrett's is the best Hair Preparation in the world, as well as the reasons why every one should use Barrett's in preference to all others.—*Cincinnati Sunday Globe*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1282, for the week ending Dec. 26th, contains *Clever Women*, *Blackwood's Magazine*; *The Country House on the Rhine*, part VI, by Berthold Auerbach, author of "On the Heights," &c., translated for *The Living Age* from *Die Presse*; *The Bulwer Scandal*, *London Correspondent*; *Little Lisle*, part II, *Corinth Magazine*; *Will Emigration Last?* *Spectator*; *Animal Reverence*, *Spectator*; *English and French Cities*, *Saturday Review*; *Barter in the Nineteenth Century*, *Pall Mall Gazette*; *A Japanese Grammar*, *Saturday Review*; *The Future of Photography*, *Imperial Review*; *William Motherwell's Poems*, *Churchman's Family Magazine*; besides short articles and poetry.

The new subscribers, remitting to the publishers for the year 1869, *THE LIVING AGE* is sent from the beginning of Auerbach's romance (No. 1277) to January 1st, 1869, free of charge.

LITTELL & GAY, Publishers, 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

Poetry.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head:
"Go by all means go as fast;
Go while leather and horseshoes last;
Go while life and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go, go, of course—
Go it as rapid as ever you can,
But don't slop over, my dear young man."

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to the windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the word with rhymes
May write and regret it in after times.
Keep the end of the effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do."

"Don't slop over. The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest of work or feast
Are the very ones who blunder the least.
Those who for spirit milk never wait
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail,
Wherever you go go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that!"

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself.
Now always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the needs of such as you,
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath a little this side of the top;
And so you will reach it in wind and strong
Without sloping over. Thus ends my song!"

How to Take Care of a Trotting Horse.

The *Health and Home*, gives the following description of the manner in which the celebrated trotter, Dexter, owned by Mr. Bonner, is fed and cared for.

At six every morning, Dexter has all the water he wants, and two quarts of oats. After eating, he is "walked" for half an hour or more, then cleaned off, and at nine has two quarts more of oats. If no drive is on the card for afternoon, he is given a half to three quarters of an hour gentle exercise. At one o'clock he has oats again, as before, limited to two quarts.

From three to four, he is driven twelve to fifteen miles; after which he is cleaned off and rubbed thoroughly dry. He has a bare swallow of water on return from drive, but is allowed free access to his only feed of hay, of which he consumes from five to six pounds.

If the drive has been a particularly sharp one, he is treated, as soon as he gets in, to a quart or two of oatmeal gruel; and when thoroughly cooled has half a pail of water and three quarts of oats, with two quarts of bran moistened with hot water.

Before any specially hard day's work or trial of speed, his allowance of water is still more reduced.

"Not Wisely, But too Well."

The following interesting story is copied from the *Burlington Sentinel* of the 25th of December:

Early in the season of 1868 there came to Vermont a young and beautiful woman. From Boston town she hailed. She went to one of our leading summer resorts, and soon was the centre of all eyes.

"She was beautiful, beautiful as a butterfly."

She had dark raven hair, an oriental eye, a perfect figure and dressed with all the correct and formal magnificence of the "Hub." She passed herself off as a young and dashing widow. Soon it was reported that she was a millionaire, and consequently she had a host of admirers. Now it so happened that at the hotel where she stopped there was a clerk who was as unexceptionable as it is possible for a hotel clerk to be. In fact he was just the kind of a man to woo and win a guileless maid or handsome widow. Many rooms did not pass before it was observed that there was a mutual attraction between the two. At length the fair young widow made no secret of her attachment. She used to come to his place of duty behind the bar and there, in chatting with him for hours. Things went on extremely well and all the guests at the hotel congratulated the young man upon his good fortune. On one bright morning the happy pair came to the Queen City of the Lake and were duly joined in the bonds of matrimony. (She all the time representing herself as possessed of unlimited wealth and anxious to marry a man to maintain a household in luxury and ease.) A few days after their marriage they started for Boston, and upon their arrival went to a palatial residence which the lady said was her own. Obsequious servants were ready to answer every call, and the first few days of the honeymoon passed off in peace and harmony. But alas! the fondest of lovers must part and the husband was obliged to come to Vermont on business. He counted the minutes as they passed while he was absent from her, and hurried back expecting to meet a fond welcome from his bride. He mounted the steps; the door was locked; he rung the bell, and a servant came to the door. He started to go in, but the servant barred the door. He inquired for his wife and was informed that she had not been there since he had been absent. What was to be done? Mournfully he turned away and hurried to a sister of his wife.

She had not seen her during his absence—so she said. Half distracted, he went to a merchant, whom his spouse had represented to him as her uncle. "Have you seen anything of my wife during the last few days?" he inquired. "Yes," was the cold reply of the uncle. "She left here not five minutes since." Completely nonplussed, the young man replied that he had been to her house, and that the servant had informed him that she had not been seen during his trip to Vermont. Imagine the astonishment of the millionaire replied in language something like this: "Young man, you have been badly sold. This woman whom you so foolishly married, is, and has been my companion for the last five years. The house and furniture which she represented to you as her own belong to me, and my advice to you is to travel back to Vermont, and keep away from my property."

"For many days the disappointed husband remained in Boston, not daring again to visit his wife's residence, and vainly seeking to obtain an interview with her. But he was doomed to disappointment. One day a happy thought struck him. He recollected that when he first came with his

wife to Boston, she had a hand-on-a-gold watch and chain which he had taken to a goldsmith, for repairs. This he hurried, and procuring the property, hastened to take the train and return to his home in this country, congratulating himself that he had at least secured a small recompense for the money which he had expended upon his whimsical bride. But alas for human calculations, in a few days he was astonished to receive a polite note from the uncle in Boston requesting him to send back the watch and chain forthwith. After a reflection he concluded to do so, and remitted today a "sadder but wiser man." Moral: Never marry a woman with whose antecedents you are not thoroughly familiar.

Politics in Boston.

There is a good deal of sound philosophy which we extract from the columns of "Wall-Nuts" in the *Christian Register*: "What a pleasant thing it is to deal with pleasant men! How much a tone helps a trade, reconciles you to a price, and sends you off with a newer feeling of an equivalent for your outlay. A smile and a 'thank you' go a great way, and when they are so cheap, cost so little, and go so far, one wonders that they are so dear, and that so little of minor courtesies enter into the intercourse and interests of men. It is a very pleasant thing to go to a store with the sense of a favor conferred. Indeed one stands a little pretty evident, cowering with a placid complacency, only the cheat reads the suavity of manner and of tone to his A and W, and then that which makes you buy when you are determined not to, and reconcile you to a price you know to be not only abominable, but one you might not have paid for a harder thing to face than that very insidious store-phrase, 'Is there anything else-day?' Only let a man get the right tone and manner, and you have more moral courage than most people if you don't begin to be rather ashamed of the smallness of your order or your purchase look about and remember that there is something else and so run up your bill or deplete your pocket-book from want of courage to meet a stereotyped business phrase—the moral history of which your tormentor perfectly understands. How mean a man feels when, walking home, he realizes the little trick of trade to which he has succumbed!"

Route to Death.

A man named John Britt came to his death on Saturday night at Wilmington, Delaware, under the following horrible circumstances, having been literally roasted alive.—He was a workman at J. V. Klee & Co.'s Phoenix Iron Foundry, where he has been employed seven or eight years. He had been a steady, industrious man, and not much addicted to drink, except that he had occasionally gone on a spree on Saturday nights. He had charge of the stable and of the foundry, carrying the keys. On Saturday night a number of men were employed about the foundry later than usual, getting off some work that had to be finished that night. At about a quarter before ten Britt started with the wagon to take some castings to the Diamond State rolling mill. He had been drinking some, and a man who went with him testified that they took a drink together. That was the last those about the foundry saw of deceased; but he must have returned and put the team away, as it was found all right next morning. At about a quarter before eleven deceased went to Robinson's restaurant, near the foundry, where he got something to eat. He stayed there until about a quarter after eleven, and then went out with a man to whom he stood talking until twelve o'clock. He remarked that he thought he saw a light in the foundry, and would go and see what it was. That was the last that was seen of him until his children went to hunt for him and found his burning body. They ran for the foreman, Mr. Harvey, who went down to the foundry immediately, and found Britt's body lying in the trench and against a red-hot casting, the body in a blaze and one leg partially burned off, so that there was no sign whatever of the lower part of it, except the sole part of his boot. This trench had been dug the night before around the rim of a large fly-wheel just east, so as to expose it to the air and let it cool fast. Deceased knew the wheel was there, and saw the trench being dug, and how he ever got into the trench with one side pressed up against the red-hot iron is a mystery. Though he had been drinking, he did not appear to have been so drunk as to be unable to control his own movements, while he was so familiar with the foundry that he could go about it at night without a lamp. The affair is as mysterious as it is horrible. The body burned of all semblance of humanity, almost, was taken to the deceased's residence. The coroner held an inquest on it, but elicited no facts beyond those stated. Britt was a native of Ireland, has lived in this country several years, and leaves a wife and several small children, who were dependent on him for support.—*Baltimore American*.

An Amnesty Proclamation.

EVERYBODY CONCERNED IN THE REBELLION PARDONED.

JEFFERSON DAVIS A FREE MAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The President of the United States has heretofore set forth several proclamations offering amnesty and pardon to persons who had been, or were concerned in the late rebellion against the lawful authority of the Government of the United States, which proclamations were severally issued on the 8th day of December, 1863, on the 26th day of March, 1864, on the 20th day of May, 1865, on the 7th day of September, 1867, and on the 4th day of July, in the present year; and

Whereas, The authority of the Federal Government having been re-established in all the States and territories within the jurisdiction of the United States, it is believed that such conditional reservations and exceptions as the dates of said several proclamations were deemed necessary and proper, may now

be wisely and justly relinquished, and that a universal amnesty and pardon for participation in said rebellion extended to all who have borne any part therein, will tend to secure permanent peace, order, and prosperity throughout the land, and to renew and fully restore confidence and fraternal feeling among the whole people and their respect for the attachment to the National Government assigned by its patriotic founders for the general good: "Now, therefore, be it known, that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the Constitution, and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare, unconditionally, and without reservation, to all and to every person, who directly or indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, or of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof.

In testimony whereof I have signed these precepts with my hand, and have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-third.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:
F. W. SEWARD, acting Secretary of State.

The full pardon and amnesty proclamation just issued by President Johnson includes Jefferson Davis, Breckenridge, Jacob Thompson, Mason, Sillidell, and all others who were directly or indirectly engaged in the late insurrection or rebellion. The parties above named are now in foreign countries.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Physicians.

New York, August 15th, 1867.
Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARED COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The compound contains HUBB, LOG LEAF, CUBEB, JENNER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuum, Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a tincture. Cubeb extracted by displacement by a pure alcohol. The compound is prepared by a process which is a small proportion of spirit, and more palatable than any now in use. The active principles are in the most extractable form.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists generally, is of a dark color. It is a plain fact that it contains the active principle of a diuretic, and is a powerful diuretic. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a tincture, as made in the usual manner, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Having tried you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation.

With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD.

Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience in Philadelphia, and now located at 141-143 and 145 Broadway, New York.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WRIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Wrightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of nature, or the effects of over-exertion, or the influence of disease, or the influence of age, or the influence of the seasons, or the influence of the climate, or the influence of the food, or the influence of the drink, or the influence of the air, or the influence of the earth, or the influence of the sun, or the influence of the moon, or the influence of the stars, or the influence of the planets, or the influence of the elements, or the influence of the forces of nature, or the influence of the powers of the mind, or the influence of the passions of the heart, or the influence of the faculties of the soul, or the influence of the virtues of the angels, or the influence of the graces of the saints, or the influence of the merits of the heroes, or the influence of the deeds of the kings, or the influence of the crowns of the emperors, or the influence of the scepters of the popes, or the influence of the thrones of the monarchs, or the influence of the crowns 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